

0478

FEB. 12  
1809

FEB. 12  
1909



To the memory of  
the Martyred  
President

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Abraham  
Lincoln

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a tribute of ad-  
miration and  
affection, in  
verse by

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EX-JUDGE  
J. L. ELDRIDGE  
OF TOPEKA,

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in celebrating the  
one hundredth an-  
niversary of the  
birth of this emi-  
nent servant of  
God, by the Grand  
Army Post that  
bears his honored  
name, with the Gov-  
ernor of the State  
and many friends,  
at the First M. E.  
Church, Topeka,  
Kansas, Feb. 12, '09.

How dear to our hearts  
Is Lincoln of old,  
Whose service to man  
Can never be told.

Whose love for America  
Was wonderfully great,  
Whose zeal for the right  
He would never abate.

A mind of rare gifts  
In a classical mold  
Of charming sweetness,  
By duty controlled.

He led a vast army  
Mid horrors of war,  
Defeats the slave power  
That good men abhor.

The slave trade how wicked;  
It stood out alone  
As the vilest system  
That ever was known.

A satanic device  
To mortals a shock,  
None so appalling as  
The dread auction block.

How rude the cabin  
Where comforts are fled,  
All are impoverished  
And all are ill fed.

Lincoln solved problems,  
Kind words to the brave;  
No room for tyrants  
Nor tread of a slave.

The dawn of sweet peace  
It opens the door  
To all wrongs remove  
And all rights restore.

Virtue and valor  
Here justly combine,  
Lincoln was a lesson  
For all coming time.

He gave a protest  
To the crime making trade  
Where drunkards are formed  
And paupers are made.

The traffic is doomed  
Its death drawing near,  
This man killing trade  
Must fast disappear.

O, America, America  
The land of our birth,  
Richer by far than  
All nations of earth.

It spans the continent,  
Its from shore to shore,  
From the Pacific coast  
To the Atlantic's roar.

Has billions of wealth  
In every known form,  
Gives relief to the poor  
And drives away storm.

Wealth utilized with  
Vast inventive skill  
Has wonders performed,  
And doing them still.

Great cities are built,  
Buildings towering high  
To kiss the clouds  
And pierce the sky.

The centuries progress,  
O it seems like a dream  
How men have applied  
The uses of steam.

Generated electricity,  
A marvelous power;  
Does the work of a month  
In less than an hour.

The Christian religion,  
It kindly employs  
Ways to more prize its  
Unnumbered joys.

Gives schools for the head,  
A church for the heart,  
That ignorance and sin  
May quickly depart.

Lincoln not in wealth  
But brought forth a power  
That saved the nation  
Mid war's dreaded hour.

With thoughtful patience,  
He matures a plan,  
That defeats the foe  
And benefits man.

Wearied with toil  
And multiplied cares,  
Troubled with generals  
And foreign affairs.

The wonderful record,  
We fail to rehearse  
In good honest prose  
Or rich flowing verse.

His death among saddest  
In annals of time,  
Few can compare  
To the terrible crime.

His worth grows brighter  
As time floats along,  
All join in a tribute,  
Unite in a song.

None in the century  
More worthy of fame,  
Than the martyred president,  
Lincoln, his name.

Feb. 12,  
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Memorial Services  
on the One Hun-  
dredth Anniver-  
sary of the Mar-  
tyred President,  
Abraham Lincoln.

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"I never willingly planted a  
thorn in any man's bosom."—  
A. LINCOLN.

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A truth loving man  
Excelling in worth  
The heroes of old  
And monarchs of earth.

With no malice nor hate,  
A Christian like plan,  
Esteemed it a pleasure  
To benefit man.

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*J. L. E.—Author of a Vol-  
ume in Verse on Christian  
Patriotic Prohibition and Mis-  
cellaneous subjects.*